Anybody who is anybody  
Will soon walk through that door  
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam Speakeasy  
Always able to find you a table  
There's room for just one more  
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam Speakeasy  
  
Once you get here, feel the good cheer  
Like they say in the poem  
Fat Sam's ain't humble  
But it's your home sweet home

Plans are made here, games are played here,

I could write me a book.

Each night astounds you.

Rumours are a-buzzing, stories by the dozen.

Look around you cousin at the news we’re making here.

Anybody who is anybody  
Will soon walk through that door  
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam Speakeasy  
Da da da da da da, Da da da da da da,

Da da da da da da da, hoo ya, hoo ya, hoo da da da da,

See the politician sittin’ by the kitchen

Said he caught his fingers in the well he was wishin’

Once you get here, feel the good cheer  
Like they say in the poem  
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But it's your home sweet home

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